

The Democratic Standard.

DEVOTED TO THE SUPPORT OF THE CONSTITUTION AND LAWS—THE DIFFUSION OF GENERAL INTELLIGENCE—AND THE REFORM OF ALL POLITICAL ABUSES.

BY D. P. PALMER.

GEORGETOWN, O., TUESDAY, JUNE 20, 1843.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. III. NO. 47.

TERMS OF THE STANDARD.

OR ONE YEAR, IN ADVANCE, \$3 00
WITHIN THE YEAR, 2 50
AT THE EXPIRATION OF THE YEAR, 3 00
Payments will be considered in advance, payable within three months after subscribing. No paper will be discontinued, (unless at the option of the publisher,) until all arrearages are paid.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square (12 lines) three insertions, \$1 00
" For each subsequent insertion, 25
" For six months, 5 00
" For twelve months, 10 00
Longer advertisements will be charged in the same proportion.

A reasonable deduction will be made on yearly advertisements.
All orders for advertising or job-work must be accompanied by the cash, except from those who have open accounts with the office.
Office in the south end of the Market Building.

From the Boston Mercantile Journal.

SALT WATER BUBBLES.

BY HAWKER MARTINGALE.

NAVAL STRATAGEM.

In war, among every nation, stratagem, deception or humbug, has always been considered justifiable, and has been practised by the most brave and honorable commanders, on the land and on the ocean. In naval warfare, fire-ships are sometimes used for the destruction of an enemy; torpedoes have been invented, which being attached to the bottom of a ship, explode shattering a ship to atoms, and destroying the crew. It is customary, also, to hoist false colors, for the purpose of deceiving a foe;—to board an enemy's ship in the dark, after pulling along side with muffled oars; indeed, stratagems of every kind, which may tend to capture or destruction of an enemy, are pronounced by the laws of nations, not only justifiable, but laudable.

In a single combat between two individuals, with sword, pistol, or cudgel, great care is taken that neither party shall have any advantage over the other. The weapons must be alike;—the shade and the sun must be equally divided;—the attitudes must be the same;—and if any undue advantage is taken by either party, he is liable to be shot, or knocked down by his opponent's second. Also in a regular game of fisticuffs, no advantage is allowed by either party; it must be a "fair stand up fight"—and to strike an antagonist when on the ground, or off his guard, would be pronounced base and cowardly. But the commander of a large ship at sea, or of a naval squadron, has no hesitation in engaging with an enemy although the enemy may be much weaker than himself, or crippled in a previous action or tempest!—He has no compunctions about getting the weather-gage, if this will give him an advantage; and instead of taking great pains to keep alongside, returning gun for gun with his enemy, he will not scruple to fire two shots to his one, if convenient; or to wear under the stern of his antagonist, raking him fore and aft, and making shambles of his decks. Indeed, in some of the most successful actions which have been fought, with fleets or single ships, the victor has had reason to pride himself more upon his skill and management in maneuvering his ships, than by his indomitable bravery in returning gun for gun when fairly alongside.

Lord Nelson achieved undying fame by gaining the battle of the Nile. But in that battle he took a most unfair advantage of the brave Admiral Bruyeres. He humbugged the Frenchman, and victory perched on his brow. The enemy's ships were anchored in line, and the British approached the line, running before the wind; but instead of each ship selecting an antagonist, and anchoring alongside, and contesting the game in a manly manner, with hard knocks, on equal principles, two of the British ships were ordered to tackle to one Frenchman, one on each side; and thus four or five of the Frenchmen at the head of the line were soon drubbed into a surrender, before the others could beat up to their assistance. The remainder of course, with one or two exceptions, were afterwards taken in detail.

It is even said that the gallant Lawrence in the last war, in his battle with the Peacock, was indebted for his victory as much to his skill in maneuvering, or deception, as to his courage and manly bearing. He succeeded in getting the weather-gage, and with his guns double shot, ranged alongside of his enemy within half pistol shot, before he fired a gun; then his whole broadside was fired as the guns were brought to bear, directed at the centre of the Hull, near the water line. The Peacock thus received many shots between the wind and water. The Hornet soon ranged ahead and wore short round. The Peacock followed her example to avoid being raked, but unfortunately for her fell into another trap. Her wounded side was thus brought to bear before the shot

holes could be plugged; while the Peacock was in this forlorn condition, the Hornet did not forbear to pepper her antagonist in the most unwholesome manner; and the consequence was, that in less than fifteen minutes the Peacock was sunk in five fathoms of water.

This was rather taking the advantage to be sure; but it was nothing in comparison to the trick played upon Commodore Porter, of the frigate Essex, by the British commander Hillyer, who availed himself of the aid of a large sloop of war to attack the Essex frigate, although his own frigate the Phoebe, was superior in force, and armed with long guns, while the Essex consisted mostly of carronades—and finding that the Essex was crippled in her spars, this brave commodore and his consort kept at long shot distance. Instead of coming alongside, man fashion; and while he was safe from the broadside of the Essex, he could hull that frigate with every shot! The action was thus a most unequal one; resembling a combat between a lame man with a pistol, and two others, baying away with rifles, and availing themselves of their superior activity to keep at least a hundred yards distance from the poor fellow, whom they wore thus leisurely and perseveringly boring with their bullets.

In the course of another action during the last war, an attempt to play the same game was unsuccessful, and the deceiver became the victim. Capt. Gardin, of the British ship Macedonian, although an officer of undoubted bravery, had an instinctive aversion to coming to close quarters with a Yankee frigate, when long shots would answer the purpose equally as well, and perhaps better. His lower deck battery consisted of long eighteen—and on falling in with the American frigate United States, commanded by the gallant Decatur, he, unfortunately for himself, mistook her for the Essex, whose armament he knew was composed principally of carronades; and with a degree of prudence and calculation, which he undoubtedly thought would entitle him to great praise, he adopted a course which he would secure him, with but little risk and some patience, an easy victim. Having the weather-gage he commenced the action at long shots, and kept at a distance from the enemy, while he was able, hoping to cripple his antagonist without receiving any injury himself! But Decatur soon found he had caught a Tartar! for instead of seeing the balls from the carronade of the Essex falling short, and doing him no harm, he felt the iron missiles from the long guns of the United States, which were directed with such care and judgment, that they hulled their frigate every time, to the great astonishment and annoyance of the British Captain and his officers!—The stratagem proved signally unsuccessful, and the Macedonian was soon compelled to haul down her colors!

A very neat stratagem was once played off by John B. Nicholson, of the navy, now commander of this naval station. In the last war he was first Lieutenant of the Peacock when commanded by Lawrence—and after the capture of the Epervier, he was given charge of the vessel. On the coast of Georgia he was chased by an English frigate, and an attempt was made to carry the Epervier by boats. Lieutenant Nicholson had then only sixteen officers and men, and his vessel was for a time in a very critical situation—for if the enemy had boarded him no effectual resistance could have been made. In this awkward dilemma he resorted to stratagem, and as the boats approached within hailing distance pulling in his wake, the Lieutenant, with admirable presence of mind, seized his speaking trumpet, and with great flourish, and in a stentorian voice proclaimed that he was about to give orders to yaw the vessel, that the guns might bear to the boats; and bade them point every gun with care; and when he should give the word to fire a broadside, to blow the rebels sky high! This appearance of readiness to engage, and a determination to destroy the enemy, without much ceremony, intimidated the British commander, who thought it would be madness to approach that vessel nearer, with the intention to board—and the attempt was abandoned the very moment when it could have been executed with success. The Epervier arrived safely at Savannah, and the steadiness and ingenuity of Lieutenant Nicholson were much applauded at the time.

But one of the prettiest tricks performed during the war, was by commodore Rodgers. It was in the early part of the war when he was in command of the President. The English ships on the coast knew that he was on a cruise, and would soon return, and all the commanders were cautioned to keep a look out for the Yankee frigate. The President fell in with the land off Montauk Point, and standing towards Gay Head, keeping an eye to windward for the enemy's cru-

sers, when a strange sail was made in the offing, on the starboard bow. He was soon made out to be a schooner, a rakish looking one, too, coming up under full sail. She soon hoisted English colors, and from her general appearance, and the color of her canvass, confirmed the indication that she was a member of the family of John Bull.

Commodore Rodgers shortened sail, and also hoisted English colors—and the commander of the schooner who was evidently a thick headed fellow, took it for granted that the President was one of the English frigates on that station. But in order to make sure that he was right, he hoisted a set of signals—which of course could not be understood on board the Yankee. The commodore, however, ordered a red and white flag to be run up quickly, and immediately hauled down. This had the desired effect. The flag was not clearly distinguished, but the commander of the schooner was convinced that his signal had been duly answered, and not wishing to be dull on the occasion, hauled down his flag, and continued his course until he came under the lee quarter of the frigate within range of her guns!

The President hove to with the British ensign flying at her Peak—the schooner was soon within hail—and the question was asked from the President: "What a schooner is that?" "His Majesty's schooner Highflyer," was the respectful reply.

"Come on board, sir, with your papers, directly." "Aye, aye, sir!" The boat was lowered forthwith, and manned, and a British Lieutenant stepped into it, and was soon alongside of the frigate. He ascended the gangway with an air of much importance, and was politely received by an officer upon deck, and ushered into the cabin, where sat Commodore Rodgers, "as calm as a summer's morning," with a roguish leer lurking about his countenance.

The Lieutenant, with a bow, handed the Commodore some papers, containing his instructions. "Umph!" grunted the Commodore, "and so, sir, I see you are on the look out for the American frigate President, Commodore Rodgers."

"Yes sir!" "Have you seen any thing of her?" "No sir!" "When did you leave the squadron?" "Yesterday morning, sir."

"Have you had so particular a description of the President, as to enable you to recognize her if you should chance to fall in with her?" continued the Commodore.

"Certainly, sir! I shall be able to know her immediately!" "Well, sir!" said Commodore Rodgers, with a smile, looking the British officer full in the eye, "I will keep you no longer in suspense, and will take this opportunity to inform you that you are now on board the United States ship President, and that the person who now has the honor of addressing you, is Commodore Rodgers."

The astonishment of the poor Lieutenant may be imagined. He had been most egregiously duped, and could never hold up his head again. The labors of his life were destroyed in a moment.

While this scene had been enacting in the cabin the crew were piped to dinner, and the officer of the deck ordered one of the boatswains mates to ask the boat's crew to come on board, and get something to eat.

This functionary accordingly looked over the side, and addressing the boat's crew, said, "I say, shipmates, step aboard, will you, and get something to eat?"

"Shipmate, is it? Ha!" replied a suspicious dry looking chap, acting as coxswain, who was in the act of thrusting an enormous quid of tobacco between his jaws.

The men went on deck and took a look at the sails and around them. "I say, Ned," exclaimed the coxswain, just twig that split canvass jib! Brother Jonathan has fairly got to windward of us this time!

The next morning, the frigate President and the schooner Highflyer were snugly at anchor in the harbor of Newport.

HOPE.

When stars forsake the sullen sea,
When rains descend and winds arise,
Some rock a sunny bower may be,
If hope but lend us eyes.

It tracks our steps in every stage,
And wakes a fountain in the wild;
It mingles, with the thoughts of age,
The rapture of the child.

NATURAL SODA SPRINGS.

The immediate neighborhood of our encampment is one of the most remarkable in the Rocky mountains. The fact that the trail to Oregon and California will forever of necessity pass within three hundred yards of the place where our camp fire is burning; that near this spot must be erected a resting place for the long lines of Caravans between the harbors of the Pacific and the waters of the Missouri, would, of themselves, interest all who are witnessing the irresistible movements of civilization upon the American continent. But this spot has objects of interest: its geology and mineralogy—and I might well say the chemistry of it; for there are laboratories and gas-works here in the greatest profusion!—I will hereafter occupy the attention of the lovers of these sciences.

The Soda Springs, called by the fur traders Beer Springs, are the most remarkable objects of the kind within my knowledge. They are situated on the northwest side of the river, a few rods below a grove of shrub cedars, and two hundred yards from the shore. There are six groups of them; or in other words are small hollows sunken about two feet below the ground around, of circular form, seven or eight feet in diameter, in which there are a number of fountains sending up large quantities of gas and water, and emitting a noise resembling the boiling of immense caldrons. These pools are usually clear with a gravelly bottom. In some of them, however, grow boggy or horsebacks of coarse grass among which are many little wells, where the water bubbled so merrily that I was tempted to drink at one of them; but as I proceeded to do so, the suffocating properties of the gas instantly drove me from my purpose.

After this rebuff, however, I made another attempt at a more open fountain, and drank with little difficulty. The waters appeared to be more highly impregnated with soda and acid than those of Saratoga, were extremely pleasant to the taste, and fumed from the stomach like the soda water from the shops. Some of them threw off at least four gallons of gas a second; and although they cast up large masses of water continually, for which there appeared no outlet, yet at different times of observation, I could perceive no increase or diminution of the quantity visible. There are five or six other springs in the bank of the river, just below, whose waters resemble those I have described; one of them discharges about forty gallons a minute.

One fourth of a mile down stream from the Soda Springs is what is called "the Steamboat Spring." The orifice from which it casts its water is in the face of a perpendicular rock, on the bank of the stream, which seems to have been formed by the depositions of the fountain. It is eight inches in diameter. Six feet from this, and on the horizontal plane of the rock, is another orifice, in the cavern below. On approaching the spring a deep gurgling sound is heard under ground; it appears to be produced by the generating of gas in a cavernous receiver. This, when the chamber is filled with water, which it thrusts, frothing and foaming, into the stream.

In passing the smaller orifice, the pent gas escapes with very much the same sound as steam makes in the escape pipe of a steam boat. Hence the name. The periods of discharge are very irregular. At times they occur once in two, at others once in three, or four five minutes. The force of its action, also, is subject to great variation. Those who have visited it often say that its noise has been heard to echo far among the hills. When I visited it, I could not hear it at the distance of two thousand yards. There is also said to be a difference at different times in the temperature of the water. When I examined it, it was a little above blood heat; others have seen it much higher.

The most remarkable phenomenon connected with these springs remains yet to be noticed. The whole river, from the Steamboat Spring to the Soda Springs a distance of more than a fourth of a mile is a sheet of springs, thousands in number; which, bursting through two feet of superincumbent running water, throw their foaming jets—some six inches, and some less—above the surface. The water is much the same, in its constituent qualities, as that of the Soda Springs. —*Farnham's travels in Oregon.*

Boston Post Office.—The clerks in the Boston Post office had a busy time of it on Thursday last. The Acadia's mail from Liverpool, contained 12,000 letters, and the Caledonia's mail, sent off the same day for Liverpool 13,500 letters. The domestic letters which passed through the office during the day were very numerous, and it is within bounds to say, that at least 35,000 letters, and 150 bushels of newspapers were received and despatched doing business hours.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE—A CITY DESTROYED.

The Savannah Republican of Tuesday last, has letters from Tallahassee, Florida, which states that, on the evening of the 25th ult., a fire broke out in that city, which, in the course of five or six hours, destroyed nearly the whole of it. The fire was first discovered in the back buildings of the Washington Hall, which was burnt. This building was situated near the capitol, and the fire extended on both sides of Main street, to the court house. Every store in the city was destroyed. Of the three printing offices, one was saved—that of the Star; the Sentinel, and the Floridian offices, were burned. It is supposed that there were at least two hundred and fifty buildings, with most of their contents, destroyed. It was impossible to save many of the goods in the stores, the fire made such rapid progress, and those that were saved were mostly in a damaged state. Several buildings were blown up, and two or three negroes lost their lives. The loss is estimated at \$300,000. There had been no rain for six weeks, in consequence of which the buildings had become so dry that they burned like tinder.

WEALTH IN BOSTON.—The Boston Courier in making an abstract of the tax returns of the city, gives the following items in relation to the wealth of different individuals:

The highest amount of real estate taxed to one concern is to an individual, \$604,000, who is also taxed for \$300,000 personal property; the second on the list is a corporation, \$372,600; the third is to an individual, \$187,000, who is a partner in a firm, whose personal estate is valued at \$100,000; the fourth is an individual, \$475,000, and he pays tax on \$40,000, personal property, besides his share of the personal and real estate of a firm of which he is partner, amounting to \$95,000.

On real estate there are seventy-seven individuals and companies taxed for more than \$100,000. There are fifty-two individuals and companies taxed for over \$100,000 personal estate, in addition to real estate, and the highest on the list is a trust, amounting to \$500,000; the second is a firm in mercantile business, whose property is estimated at \$450,000; two brothers are taxed \$250,000 each, besides for real estate, and a third brother of the same family for \$220,000.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—The N. Y. Jour. of Com. has the following apposite remarks:

Trade is good in all its departments. Dry goods have, within a couple of weeks felt the influence, and strange as it may seem, have really advanced, some articles ten per cent. At a large sale of French goods yesterday, better prices were obtained; and the expectations of the owners being realized, the lots extensively duplicated. Groceries have gone well for several weeks, and as for stocks, they have advanced quite as much as the bears could endure. We shall all do well enough now, if only we mind the following negatives:

- 1st. Not to be in a hurry to get rich.
- 2d. Not to contract more debts than we can conveniently pay.
- 3rd. Not to engage in any business out of our regular occupation.
- 4th. Not to speculate in stocks or lots.
- 5th. Not to be extravagant, nor idle.

THE U. S. SCHOONER GRAMPUS.

We copied a day or two ago a paragraph from the Albany Journal, in which it was stated that letters had been received from Lieutenant Ganestoot, announcing that the Grampus had sailed on a distant cruise with secret orders, and would not therefore be heard from for some time. We regret to learn; however, that this information is inaccurate. The Grampus sailed from Charleston early in March, with orders from Commodore Stewart, commanding the homeward Squadron, to which she was attached, to cruise between Cape St. John's and Hatteras until her provisions were exhausted, and then put into Norfolk. As no tidings have been received of her having been spoken, and as her provisions must have been exhausted long ago, there is much reason to fear that the vessel is lost, and that her officers and crew have found a sailor's grave in the deep of the ocean.—*N. Y. American.*

The friends of the officers on board the United States schooner Grampus, feeling naturally anxious for their fate, in consequence of no tidings being received from that vessel for two months past, have made inquiry at the Navy De-

partment for information of the relatives and friends of all on board, we are requested to state that no official intelligence of any kind has reached the Department from the Grampus since she sailed from the Chesapeake, on or about the 20th February last. Her cruising ground was along the coast between the Cape Hatteras and the St. John's, in Florida, and her orders were to return to Norfolk for supplies as soon as her stores began to run short.—*Madisonian.*

OUTRAGE AND DEATH IN A COURT.

A most disgraceful outrage took place in the court room in Canton, Mississippi, on the 20th ult., between Mr. Jeremiah Ellington and T. C. Tupper, Esq. Ellington was prosecutor in a criminal case in which Mr. Tupper was counsel for the defence. It is stated that while Mr. Tupper was addressing the jury and commenting legitimately and properly upon the evidence, Ellington came up behind him, and struck him twice or thrice over the head with a hige stick. Mr. T. thereupon seized a sword case that lay near him, with which he stabbed his antagonist under the left arm. Mr. E. died a few moments afterwards. All who witnessed the scene are said to concur in the opinion that Mr. Tupper's conduct was perfectly justifiable. He is a native of Vermont, we believe, and graduated some years since at the University at Burlington. He was engaged in an affair three or four years since in Mississippi, in which he shot his antagonist—and was at once justified on legal examination.

STEAM COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE ATLANTIC AND MISSISSIPPI.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is completed from Baltimore to Cumberland, in Allegany county, Md., on the Potomac, about one hundred and fifty miles. The citizens of Pittsburgh are endeavoring to provide means for constructing a railroad from that city to Cumberland, which being done there would be a continuous steam communication across the country from the Atlantic to the Mississippi.

EMIGRATION COMMENCED.—Yesterday afternoon one hundred and fifty German emigrants arrived her per rail road, with the intention of settling upon the track of 5000 acres upon the Indian reservation near this city recently purchased by a German Emigrant Association, of the Ogden Company. This is an important move for the prosperity of Buffalo, as the land which has hitherto been in nearly a wild state will immediately be put under cultivation by these emigrants, who are, we believe, but the advance guard of a much larger number who are shortly to follow.—*Buffalo Courier.*

PRUDENCE AND ECONOMY.

What if you have a patch on your knee—it is nothing to be ashamed of. It lays easier on the mind, than a writ at the door, or an interview with a creditor, who feels you have wronged him. Better wear an old hat, an unfashionable coat or a pair of cow-hide shoes, than to live extravagantly, run in debt, and have every body feel that you are a villain. There is nothing like prudence and economy; especially if you are striving to keep up your credit. Who will trust you, if you are poor and lazy, and dress in fine broadcloth, and display gold chains, rings and breast-pins? No one. But with a home spun coat, a brown face, hard hands and industrious habits, you are sure to be favored. Your appearance indicates that you are frugal and will be a safe customer.

WHIG NOMINATION FOR CONGRESS.

The Coons of this district have again nominated Joseph Ridgway, Sen., for Congress, by a kind of packed convention which met at Newark on Tuesday last. There were but twelve delegates present from this county, out of 21 appointed, and none at all from Licking, except a self-constituted few, without a shade of authority to act. How many attended from Knox, the proceedings do not show. Whether the whigs of this district will sanction such high handed proceedings, we are not prepared to say, nor do we care, for when the democracy put their man on the track he will walk over the course to the tune of 1500 majority with all ease. The Journal had better save its figures until after the votes are counted out, for we have no doubt but that the man who certified to the honesty and morality of John W. Bear, and to the truth of Ogle's lying speech, will be worse beaten than Tom, the "copper colored critter." So, clear the track!—*Statesman.*

The real and personal estate of the city of Baltimore amounts to \$61,000,000.